

Me First And The Gimme Gimmes, It's Raining O

I was deprived of a young girl's dream
By the cruel force of nature from the blue
Instead of a night full of romance supreme
All I got was a runny nose and Agiatic flu

It's raining on prom night, my hair is a mess
It's running all over my taffeta dress
It's wilting the quilting on my maiden form
And mascara flows right down my nose because of the storm

I don't even have a corsage, oh gee
It fell down a sewer with my sister's ID

(talking)

Yes, it's raining on prom night.
Oh my darling, what can I do? I miss you.
It's raining real rain from the skies
and it's draining real menstrual blood from my thighs
over you, all over you. Oh dear god,
make him feel the same way I do right now.
He'll never want to eat me again.

What can I do? It's raining, raining from the skies
It's raining tears from my eyes over you
Oooooow, raining from the skies over you
(etcetera, till fade out)